MISS BRETHERTON

By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD,

AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."

"August 16.

"It is almost a week, I see, since I wrote to you last. During that time we have seen a great deal more of Miss Bretherton, sometimes in company with her belongings, sometimes without them, and my impressions of her have ripened very fast. Oh, my dear Eustace, you have been hasty—all the world has been hasty. Isabel Bretherton's real self is only now coming to the front, and it is a self which, as I say to myself with astonishment, not even your keen eyes have ever seen—hardly suspected even. Should I, myself a woman, have been as blind to a woman's capabilities, I wonder? Very likely! These sudden rich developments of youth are often beyond all calculation.

"Mr. Wallace's attitude makes me realize more than I otherwise could the past and present condition of things. He comes and talks to me with amazement of the changes in her tone and outlook, of the girl's sharpening intellect and growing sensitiveness, and as he recalls incidents and traits of the London season—confessions or judgments or blunders of hers, and puts them beside the impression which he sees her to be making on Paul and myself—I begin to understand from his talk and his bewilderment something of the real nature of the case. Intellectually, it has been 'the ugly duckling' over again. Under all the crude, unfledged imperfection of her young performance, you people who have watched her with your trained critical eyes seem to me never to have suspected the coming wings, the strange nascent power, which is only now asserting itself in the light of day.

"'What has Eustace been about?' said Paul to me last night, after we had all returned from rambling round and round the moonlit piazza, and he had been describing to me his talk with her. 'He ought to have seen further ahead. That creature is only just beginning to live, and it will be a life worth having. He has kindled it, too, as much as anybody. Of course, we have not seen her act yet, and ignorant—yes, she is certainly ignorant—though not so much as I imagined. But as for natural power and delicacy of mind, there can be no question at all about them!'

"'I don't know that Eustace did question them,' I said. 'He thought simply that she had no conception of what her art really required of her, and never would have because of her popularity.'

"To which Paul replied that, as far as he could make out, nobody thought more meanly of her popularity than she did, and he has been talking a great deal to her about her season.

"'I never saw a woman at a more critical or interesting point of development,' he exclaimed at last, striding up and down and so absorbed in the subject that I could have almost laughed at his eagerness. 'Something or other, luckily for her, set her on the right track three months ago, and it is apparently a nature on which nothing is lost. One can see it in the way in which she takes Venice; there isn't a scrap of her, little as she knows about it, that isn't keen and interested and wide awake!'

"'Well, after all,' I reminded him as he was settling down to his books, 'we know nothing about her as an actress.'

"'We shall see,' he said; 'I will find out something about that too before long.'

"And so he has!"

"August 17-19.

"Paul has been devoting himself more and more to the beauty, Mr. Wallace and I looking on with considerable amusement and interest; and this afternoon, finding it intolerable that Miss Bretherton has not even a bowing acquaintance with any of his favorite plays, Augier, Dumas, Victor Hugo or anything else, he has been reading aloud to us in the garden, running on from scene to scene and speech to speech, translating as he went—she in rapt attention, and he gesticulating and spouting, and, except for an occasional queer rendering that made us laugh, getting on capitally with his English. She was enchanted: [illegible] and every now and then with a little impulsive [illegible] and repeat the line him with an impressive [illegible] comprehension, [illegible]tisfaction out of [illegible]d a strong and [illegible]self and Mr. Wallace. [illegible]r. Wallace might stare as he liked; the two people concerned were totally unconscious of the rest of us, until at last, after the great death scene in the 'Nuit Blanche,' Paul threw down the book almost with a sob, and she, rising with a burst of feeling, held out her white arms towards an imaginary lover, and with extraordinary skill and memory repeated the substance of the heroine's last speeches:

"'Achille, beloved! my eyes are dim—the mists of death are gathering. O Achille! the white cottage by the river—the nest in the reeds—your face and mine in the water—the blue heaven below us in the stream—O joy, quick! those hands, those lips! But listen, listen! it is the cruel wind rising, rising; it chills me to the bone; it chokes, it stifles me! I cannot see the river, and the cottage is gone, and the sun. O Achille, it is dark, so dark! Gather me close, beloved!—closer! closer! O death is kind—tender, like your touch! I have no fears—none!'

"She sank back into her chair. Anything more pathetic, more noble than her intonation of those words could not have been imagined. Desforets herself could not have spoken them with a more simple, a more piercing tenderness. I was so confused by a multitude of conflicting feelings—my own impressions and yours, the realities of the present position and the possibilities of the future—that I forgot to applaud her. It was the first time I had had any glimpse at all of her dramatic power, and, rough and imperfect as the test was, it seemed to me enough. I have not been so devoted to the Francais, and to some of the people connected with it, for ten years for nothing! One gets a kind of insight from long habit, which, I think, one may trust. Oh, you blind Eustace, how could you forget that for a creature so full of primitive energy, so rich in the stuff of life, nothing is irreparable! Education has passed her by. Well, she will go to find her education. She will make a teacher out of every friend, out of every sensation. Incident and feeling, praise and dispraise will all alike tend to mold the sensitive, plastic material into shape. So far as she may have remained outside her art; the art, no doubt, has been a conventional appendage, and little more. Training would have given her good conventions, whereas she has only picked up bad and imperfect ones. But no training could have given her what she will evidently soon develop for herself, that force and flame of imagination which fuses together instrument and idea in one great artistic whole. She has that imagination. You can see it in her responsive ways, her quick, sensitive emotion. Only let it be roused and guided to a certain height, and it will overleap the barriers which have hemmed it in, and pour itself into the channels made ready for it by her art.

"There, at least, you have my strong impression. It is, in many ways, at variance with some of my most cherished principles, for both you and I are perhaps inclined to overrate the value of education, whether technical or general, in its effect on the individuality. And, of course, a better technical preparation would have saved Isabel Bretherton an immense amount of time; would have prevented her from contracting a host of bad habits—all of which she will have to unlearn. But the root of the matter is in her; of that I am sure; and whatever weight of hostile circumstance may be against her, she will, if she keeps her health—as to which I am sometimes, like you, a little anxious—break through it all and triumph.

"But if you did not understand her quite, you have enormously helped her; so much I will tell you for your comfort. She said to me yesterday abruptly—we were alone in our gondola, far out on the lagoon—'Did your brother ever tell you of a conversation he and I had in the woods at Nuneham about Mr. Wallace's play?'

"'Yes,' I answered with outward boldness, but a little inward trepidation; 'I have not known anything distress him so much for a long time. He thought you had misunderstood him.'

"'No,' she said, quietly, but as it seemed to me with an undercurrent of emotion in her voice; 'I did not misunderstand him. He meant what he said, and I would have forced the truth from him, whatever happened. I was determined to make him show me what he felt. That London season was sometimes terrible to me. I seemed to myself to be living in two worlds—one a world in which there was always a sea of faces opposite to me, or crowds about me, and a praise ringing in my ears which was enough to turn anybody's head, but which after a while repelled me as if there was something humiliating in it; and then on the other side, a little inner world of people I cared for and respected, who looked at me kindly, and thought for me, but to whom, as an actress, I was just of no account at all! It was your brother who first roused that sense in me, it was so strange and painful, for how could I help at first believing in all the hubbub and applause?'

"'Poor child!' I said, reaching out my hand for one of hers. 'Did Eustace make himself disagreeable to you?'

"Poor child!" I said.

"'It was more, I think,' she answered, as if reflecting, 'the standard he always seemed to carry about with him than anything connected with my own work. At least, of course, I mean before that Nuneham day. Ah, that Nuneham day! It cut deep.'

"She turned away from me and leaned over the side of the boat, so that I could not see her face.

"'You forced it out of Eustace, you know,' I said, trying to laugh at her, 'you uncompromising young person! Of course, he flattered himself that you forgot all about his preaching the moment you got home. Men always make themselves believe what they want to believe.'

"'Why should he want to believe it?' she replied quickly. 'I had half foreseen it, I had forced it from him, and yet I felt it like a blow! It cost me a sleepless night, and some—well, some very bitter tears. Not that the tears were a new experience. How often, after all that noise at the theatre, have I gone home and cried myself to sleep over the impossibility of doing what I wanted to do, of moving those hundreds of people, of making them feel and of putting my own feeling into shape! But that night, and with my sense of illness just then, I saw myself—it seemed to me quite in the near future—grown old and ugly, a forgotten failure, without any of those memories which console people who have been great when they must give up. I felt myself struggling against such a weight of ignorance, of bad habits, of unfavorable surroundings. How was I ever to get free and to reverse that judgment of Mr. Kendal's? My very success stood in my way. How was "Miss Bretherton" to put herself to school?

"'But now,' I said to her warmly, 'you have got free; or, rather, you are on the way to freedom.'

"She thought a little without speaking, her chin resting on her hand, her elbow on her knee. We were passing the great red brown mass of the Armenian convent. She seemed to be drinking in the dazzling harmonies of blue and warm brown and pearly light. When she did speak again it was very slowly, as though she were trying to give words to a number of complex impressions.

"'Yes,' she said; 'it seems to me that I am different; but I can't tell exactly how or why. I see all sorts of new possibilities, new meanings everywhere; that is one half of it! But the other, and the greater, half is—how to make all these new feelings and any new knowledge which may come to me tell on my art.' And then she changed altogether with one of those delightful swift transformations of hers, and her face rippled with laughter. 'At present the chief result of the difference, whatever it may be, seems to be to make me most unmanageable at home. I am forever disagreeing with my people, saying I can't do this and I won't do that. I am getting to enjoy having my own way in the most abominable manner.' And then she caught my hand, that was holding hers, between both her own, and said half laughing and half in earnest:

"'Did you ever realize that I don't know any single language besides my own—not even French? That I can't read any French book or any French play?'

"'Well,' I said, half laughing, too, 'it is very astonishing. And you know it can't go on if you are to do what I think you will do. French you positively must learn, and learn quickly. I don't mean to say that we haven't good plays and a tradition of our own; but for the moment France is the center of your art, and you cannot remain at a distance from it! The French have organized their new ideal which you and Eustace represented to her.'

"'There, my dear Eustace, have I given you your due? Oh, Miss Bretherton says so many kind things about you! I'll take especial pains to tell you some of them next time I write.'

WALLACE TO KENDAL.

VENICE, Aug. 27.

"MY DEAR KENDAL—This has been a day of events which, I believe, will interest you as much as they did me. I told Mme. de Chateauvieux that I should write to you tonight, and my letter, she says, must do in place of one from her for a day or two. We have been to Torcello today—your sister, M. de Chateauvieux, Miss Bretherton, and I. The expedition itself was delightful, but that I have no time to describe. I only want to tell you what happened when we got to Torcello.

"But first you will, of course, know from your sister's letter—she tells me she writes to you twice a week—how absorbed we have all been in the artistic progress of Miss Bretherton. I myself never saw such a change, such an extraordinary development in any one. How was it that you and I did not see further into her? I see now, as I look back upon her old self, that the new self was there in germ. But I think perhaps it may have been the vast disproportion of her celebrity to her performance that blinded us to the promise in her; it was irritation with the public that made us deliver an over hasty verdict on her.

"However that may be, I have been making up my mind for some days, past that the embassy on behalf of Elvira which I thrust upon you, and which you so generously undertook, was a blunder on my part which it would be delightful to repair, and which no artistic considerations whatever need prevent me from repairing. You cannot think how divine she was in Juliet the other night. Imperfect and harsh, of course, here and there, but still a creature to build many and great hopes upon, if ever there was one. She is shaking off trick after trick; your brother-in-law is merciless to them whenever they appear, and she is forever working with a view to his approval, and also, I think, from two or three things she has said, with a memory of that distant standard of criticism which she believes to be embodied in you!

"M. de Chateauvieux has devoted himself to her; it is a pretty sight to see them together. Your sister and she, too, are inseparable, and Mme. de Chateauvieux's quiet, equable refinement makes a good contrast to Miss Bretherton's mobility. She will never lose the imprint of her friendship with these two people; it was a happy thought which led you to bring them together.

"Well, we went to Torcello, and I watched for an opportunity of getting her alone. At last Mme. de Chateauvieux gave me one; she carried off her husband, Ruskin in hand, to study the mosaics, and Miss Bretherton and I were left sitting under the outer wall of San Fosca till they should come back. We had been talking of a hundred things—not of acting at all; of the pomegranates, of which she had a scarlet mass in her lap; of the gray slum berous warmth of the day, or the ragged children who pestered us for coppers—and then, suddenly, I asked her whether she would answer me a personal question. Was there any grudge in her mind toward me for anything I had said and done in London or caused others to say and do for me?

"She was much startled, and colored a good deal, but she said very steadily: 'I feel no sort of grudge; I never had any cause.' 'Well, then,' I went on, throwing myself down on the grass before her that I might really see her expression, 'if you bear me no grudge, if you feel kindly towards me, will you help me to undo a great mistake of mine?'

"She looked at me with parted lips and eyes which seemed to be trying to find out from my face what I meant. 'Will you,' I said, hurrying on, 'will you take from me "Elvira," and do what you like with it?' And then, do you know what happened? Her lips quivered and I thought she was on the point of tears, but suddenly the nervousness of each of us seemed to strike the other, and we both laughed—she long and helplessly, as if she could not help herself.

"Presently she looked up, with her great eyes swimming in tears, and tried to impress on me that I was speaking hastily; that I had an ideal for that play she could never promise to reach; that it was my friendship for her that made me change my mind; that there might be practical difficulties now that so many arrangements had been made, and so on. But I would not listen to her. I had it all ready; I had an actor to propose to her for Macias, and even the costumes in my mind, ready to sketch for her, if need were. Forbes, I suggested, might and would direct the setting of the piece; no one could do it with more perfect knowledge or a more exquisite taste; and for her, as we both knew, he would turn scene painter, if necessary. And so I rambled on, soothing her shaken feelings and my own until she had let me beguile her out of her attitude of reluctance and shrinking into one at least of common interest.

"But by the time the others came back I had not got a direct consent out of her and all the way home she was very silent. I, of course, got anxious, and began to think that my blunder had been irreparable; but, at any rate, I was determined not to let the thing linger on. So that when the Chateauvieux asked me to stay and sup with them and her, I supped, and afterwards in the garden boldly brought it out before them all and appealed to your sister for help. I knew that both she and her husband were acquainted with what had happened at Oxford, and I supposed that Miss Bretherton would know that they were, so that it was awkward enough. Only that women, when they please, have such tact, such an art of smoothing over and ignoring the rough places of life, that one often with them gets through a difficult thing without realizing how difficult it is. M. de Chateauvieux smoked a long time and said nothing, then he asked me a great many questions about the play, and finally gave no opinion. I was almost in despair—she said so little—until, just as I was going away with 'Elvira's' fate still quite unsettled, she said to me with a smile and a warm pressure of the hand: 'To-morrow come and see me and I will tell you yes or no!'

"And today I have been to see her, and the night has brought good luck! For 'Elvira,' my dear Kendal, will be produced on or about the 20th of November, in this year of grace, and Isabel Bretherton will play the heroine, and your friend is already plunged in business, and aglow with hope and expectation. How I wish—how we all wish that you were here! I feel more and more penitent towards you. It was you who gave the impulse of which the results are ripening, and you ought to be here with us now playing in the body that friend's part when we all yield you so readily in spirit. 'Tell Mr. Kendal,' were almost her last words to me, 'that I cannot say how much I owe to his influence and his friendship. He first opened my eyes to so many things. He was so kind to me even when he thought least of me. I hope I shall win a word of praise from him yet!' There! I trust that will rouse a little pleasant conceit in you. She meant it, and it is true. I must go off and work at many things. To-morrow or next day, after some further talk with her, I shall set off homeward, look up Forbes and begin operations. She will be in town about three weeks from now—as you know she is going to stay first with your sister in Paris—and then we shall have hard work till about the middle of November, when I suppose the play will be produced. This will be more than a fortnight later than she intended to open, and Mr. Worrall will probably be furious over the delay, but she has developed a will of her own lately.

"Au revoir, then. You must have had a peaceful summer with your book and your heather. I wish I had anything like the same digestion for work that you have; I never saw a man get as much pleasure out of his books as you do. To me, I confess, that work is always work, and idleness a joy!

"However, no, more idleness for me for a good while to come. How grand she will be in that last act! Where were my eyes last spring? I wish there were a chance of her seeing much that is interesting in Paris. However, flat as September generally is, she will get some Moliere at the 'Francais,' and your sister will take care that she sees the right people. Perrault, I hear, is to give her lessons—under the rose. Happy man!"

Kendal read this letter on a glowing August morning as he walked homeward along the side of the pond, where the shade of the fir trees was a welcome protection against the rising heat and the air was fragrant with the scent of the ling, which was just out in all its first faint flush of beauty. He threw himself down among it after he had finished the sheets and stared for long at the sunlit, motionless water, his hat drawn forward over his brows. So this was the outcome of it all. Isabel Bretherton was about to become a great actress—Undine had found her soul!

It seemed to him, as he lay there buried in the ling, that during the past three weeks he had lived through a whole drama of feeling—a drama which had its beginning, its complications, its climax. While in bed he had been going on he had been only half conscious of its bearings, half conscious of himself. Wallace's letter had made him sensible of the situation, as it concerned himself, with a decisive sharpness and completeness. There was no possibility of any further self delusion; the last defenses were overcome, the last veil between himself and the pursuing force which had overtaken him had fallen, and Kendal, with a shiver of pain, found himself looking straight into the wide, hungry eyes of Love! Oh, was this love—sore desire, this dumb craving, this restlessness of the whole being?

The bees hummed among the heather, every now and then a little brown streaked lizard rustled faintly beside him, a pair of kingfishers flashed across the pond. But he saw and heard nothing, responsive as every sense in him commonly was to the details of the wild life about him. His own miserable reverie absorbed him. What was it that had made the charm of those early weeks in July immediately after his parting with her? What was it which had added zest to his work, and enchantment to the summer beauty of the country, and, like a hidden harmony dimly resonant within him, had kept life tuneful and delightful? He could put words to it now. It had been nothing less than a settled foresight, a deep conviction of Isabel Bretherton's failure! What a treachery! But, yes—the vision perpetually before his eyes had been the vision of a dying fame, a waning celebrity, a forsaken and discrowned beauty! And from that abandonment and that failure he had dimly foreseen the rise and upspringing of new and indescribable joy. He had seen her, conscious of defeat and of the inexorable limits of her own personality, turning to the man who had read her truly and yet had loved her, surely, from the very beginning, and finding in his love a fresh glory and an all sufficient consolation. This had been the inmost truth, the center, the kernel of all his thought, of all his life. He saw it now with sharp distinctness—now that every perception was intensified by pain and longing.

Then, as he went over the past, he saw how this consciousness had been already invaded and broken up by his sister's letters. He remembered the incredulous impatience with which he had read the

Marie thought him mistaken! "Isabel Bretherton would be an actress yet"—"she had genius after all"—"she was learning, growing, developing every day." Absurd! He had been able to keep his critical estimate of the actress and his personal admiration of the woman separate from one another. But evidently Marie's head had been confused, misled by her heart. And then little by little his incredulity had yielded and his point of view had changed. Instead of impatience of Marie's laxity of judgment, what he had been fiercely conscious of for days was jealousy of Paul de Chateauvieux—jealousy of his opportunities, his influence, his relation towards that keen, sweet nature. That, too, had been one of his dreams of the future—the dream of tutoring and training her young, unformed intelligence. He had done something towards it; he had, as it were, touched the spring which had set free all this new and unexpected store of power. But, if he had planted, others had watered and others would reap. In this great crisis of her fortunes he had been nothing to her. Other voices and other hands had guided and directed her. Her kindly, grateful messages only stung and tortured him. They seemed to him the merest friendly commonplace. In reality her life had passed out of his ken; her nature had flowered into a new perfection, and he had not been there to see or to help. She would never connect him with the incidents or the influences which had transformed existence to her, and would probably irrevocably change the whole outline of her future. Once he had wounded and startled her and had despaired for awhile of undoing the impression made upon her. But now he felt no quick anxiety, no fear how things might turn, only a settled flat consciousness of division, of a life that had once been near to his swept away from him forever, of diverging roads which no kindly fate would ever join again.

For, by the end of this time of solitary waiting, his change of attitude was complete. It was evident to him that his anticipation of her failure, potent as it had been over his life, had never been half so real, half so vivid, as this new and strange foreboding of her true success. Marie must be right. He had been a mere blind, hair splitting pedant, judging Isabel Bretherton by principles and standards which left out of count the inborn energy, the natural power of growth, of such a personality as hers. And the more he had once doubted, the more he now believed. Yes, she would be great—she would make her way into that city of the mind in which he himself had made his dwelling place; she, too, would enter upon the world's vast inheritance of knowledge. She would become, if only her physical frame proved equal to the demands upon it, one of that little band of interpreters, of ministers of the idea, by whom the intellectual life of a society is fed and quickened. Was he so lost in his own selfish, covetous need as not to rejoice?

Oh, but she was a woman—she was beautiful and he loved her! Do what he would, all ideal and impersonal considerations fell utterly away from him. Day by day he knew more of his own heart; day by day the philosopher grew weaker in him and the man's claim fiercer. Before him perpetually were two figures of a most human and practical reality. He saw a great actress absorbed in the excitement of the most stimulating of lives, her power ripening from year to year, her fame growing and widening with time; and beside this brilliant vision he saw himself, the quiet man of letters, with the enthusiasms of youth behind him, the calm of middle age before him. What possible link could there be between them?

At last Wallace's letter cleared still further the issues of the conflict, or rather it led to Kendal's making a fatalist compact with himself. He was weary of the struggle, and it seemed to him that he must somehow or other escape from the grip in which his life was held. He must somehow deaden this sense, this bitter sense of loss, if it were only by postponing the last renunciation. He would go back to his work and force himself not to hate it. It was his only refuge, and he must cling to it for dear life. And he would not see her again till the night of the first performance of "Elvira." She would be in London in a month's time, but he would take care to be out of reach. He would not meet those glorious eyes or touch that hand again till the die was cast—upon the fate of "Elvira" he staked his own. The decision brought him a strange kind of peace, and he went back to his papers and books like a man who has escaped from the grasp of some deadly physical ill into a period of comparative ease and relief.

(To be continued next week.)

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT
Life Insurance Company.
NEWARK, N. J.
AMZI DODD, - - President.

ASSETS (Market Values) Jan. 1, 1889. $43,514,460.54
LIABILITIES, New York and Mass. Standard, 40,151,237.33
SURPLUS, - - - 3,362,223.21
SURPLUS, by former New York Standard, (Am. Ex. 4½ per cent. Reserve), 5,734,253.21

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable After Second year.

IN CASE OF LAPSE the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the second year Policies are INCONTESTABLE, except as against intentional fraud; *and all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation are removed.*

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 50 per cent of the reserve value where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

R. E. Heckel & Sons
BUTCHERS,
Center Market, Bloomfield
PRIME FRESH, CORNED and SMOKED
MEATS.
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in their Season.
Also a good selection of
Fresh Fish and Oysters.
Good Delivered. Orders solicited
Telephone No. 20.

ABEL BAKER.
Wholesale and Retail
GROCER,
Bloomfield Center,
Offers to all friends and patrons, old and new the highest grades of Minnesota Patent and Winter
White Wheat Flour,
Fancy Creamery and Dairy Butter,
Fine Teas and Coffees a Specialty.
Also a Full Stock of
Fancy & Staple Groceries.
Prices always in accord with New York Markets
Deliveries Daily.
[illegible]ge Solicited.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Montclair Boys' School.
McVICAR & DOW, Proprietors.
A Day and Boarding School for Boys.
FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 18.
A Full Course of Study, beginning with the Primary Department and preparing for College or Business. Special arrangements have been made for the conveyance of pupils from the Station to the School. Early application for admission is advisable. For Catalogue and information address or call on
J. G. McVICAR, PRINCIPAL.
Residence Union St., near Fullerton Av.

COLEMAN
Business
COLLEGE. Newark, N. J.
BOYS, MIDDLE AGED MEN AND YOUNG LADIES.
Trained for a successful start in business life at
Coleman College, 707 to 713 Broad St.
Newark, N. J.
The largest and most popular school in the country. Course of study combines theory with practice by a system of business transactions based on real values. No vacations. Rates low. Graduates assisted to situations.
The College Journal and Illustrated Catalogue mailed on application.
H. COLEMAN, Principal.

The New Jersey Business College.
DAY and NIGHT SESSIONS.
COURSES IN BUSINESS STUDIES.
Shorthand; German; Mechanical; Architectural and Freehand Drawing.
Terms low. Full information at the
New Jersey Business College,
764 and 766 Broad St.
NEWARK, N. J.
C. T. MILLER, Principal.
Catalogue Free.

MARTIN HUMMEL,
DEALER IN THE BEST QUALITIES OF
Lehigh and Wyoming COAL,
—ALSO—
Well Seasoned Wood,
SAWED OR SPLIT.
Yard on BROAD STREET, Near Inclined Plane.
Post Office Box 73.
Bloomfield, N. J.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
Beautifully Illustrated. 25 cts., $3 a Year.
ITS SCOPE.—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE gives preference to national topics and scenes, and its literature and art are of the highest standard. Famous American writers fill its pages with a wide variety of interesting sketches of travel and adventure, serial and short stories, descriptive accounts of our famous countrymen and women, brief essays on the foremost problems of the period, and, in short, this Magazine is
Distinctively Representative of American Thought and Progress.
It is acknowledged by the press and public to be the most popular and entertaining of the high-class monthlies.
IMPORTANT. A Specimen Number, with Illustrated Premium List, and Special Inducements in Cash or Valuable Premiums to Club Raisers, will be sent on receipt of 15c., if this paper is mentioned.
Responsible and energetic persons wanted to solicit subscriptions. Write at once for exclusive territory.
ADDRESS,
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE CO.,
749 Broadway, New York.

ESTEY
SAVE MONEY
by purchasing the best Piano. Do not decide what make to get until you have investigated the claims that are made for the Estey Piano. The patent repeating action used in these pianos makes them superior to all others, but besides this there are many other improvements that are not found in other makes. The immense business now being done in these pianos all over the world, and the surprising increase in the demand for them proves that there is something in their construction that is worthy of investigation. Write for catalogue, and mention this paper.
Correspondence solicited. Address
SIMPSON & PRODDOW,
No. 5 East 14th Street, New York.
PIANO

CARPETS
AND
FURNITURE!
AMOS H. VAN HORN'S
PRICES DURING THE DULL SEASON.
PARLOR SUITS.
50 Parlor Suits, regular price $50, Reduced to $[illegible]
50 Parlor Suits, regular price $65, Reduced to $[illegible]
50 Parlor Suits, regular price $100, Reduced to $[illegible]
BEDROOM SUITS.
25 Walnut Bedroom Suits, marble top, 8 pcs., reg. price $50, Reduced to $[illegible]
25 Walnut Bedroom Suits, marble top, regular price $65, Reduced to $[illegible]
25 Walnut Bedroom Suits, marble top, regular price $100, Reduced to $[illegible]
100 Ash Antique Oak and Cherry Bedroom Suits, regular price $30, Reduced to $[illegible]
CARPETS.
25 pcs Body Brussel Carpet, regular price $1 per yd, reduced to [illegible] per yd
25 pcs Tapestry Brussel Carpet, reg price 75c per yd, reduced to [illegible] per yd
25 pcs All Wool Ingrain Carpet, reg price 75c per yd, reduced to [illegible] per yd
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
25 Bed Lounges, covered with carpet, reg. price $10, Reduced to $[illegible]
Best Ranges in the market, regular price $10, Reduced to $[illegible]
Good Mixed Mattress, regular price $4, Reduced to $[illegible]
Hall stands in Cherry, Walnut and Antique Oak, regular price $10, Reduced to $[illegible]
Reduction of 20 Per Cent in Every Department.
Credit Given if Desired at these Prices.
Goods Delivered Free of Charge to Any Part of the State
Amos H. Van Horn,
733 MARKET STREET,
Near Plane St.,
NEWARK, N. J.

PIANOS! PIANOS!
PIANOS!
S. D. LAUTER CO.

STEINWAY,
The Standard Piano of the World.
EMERSON, S. G. CHICKERING STERLING,
AND ALL STANDARD MAKES OF PIANOS & PARLOR ORGANS
Sole Agent for New Jersey for the
Gabler Patent Metal Action Frame Upright Piano,
the most popular Piano made. Musicians like it, Singers like it, the PEOPLE like it.
EVERYBODY LIKES IT.
A large Assortment of SECOND HAND PIANOS, at the lowest prices [illegible] Newark.
A First-class Upright Piano
$260 CASH! Or $290 on Instalments!
Only $10 down and $10 monthly until paid for.
S. D. LAUTER CO.,
657 & 659 BROAD ST, NEWARK, N. J.,
TELEPHONE 708.

The Best

WASHER
We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. It is warranted five years, and will not injure the clothes even without rubbing. We will send one on trial.
AGENTS WANTED can show proof that agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $200 to $300 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price, only $5. Send for circular, and if desiring an agency for it. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest prices. We [illegible] strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.
LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

S. MORRIS HULIN,
Book and Job Printing Establishment,
BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.